

# The Mirror

OF

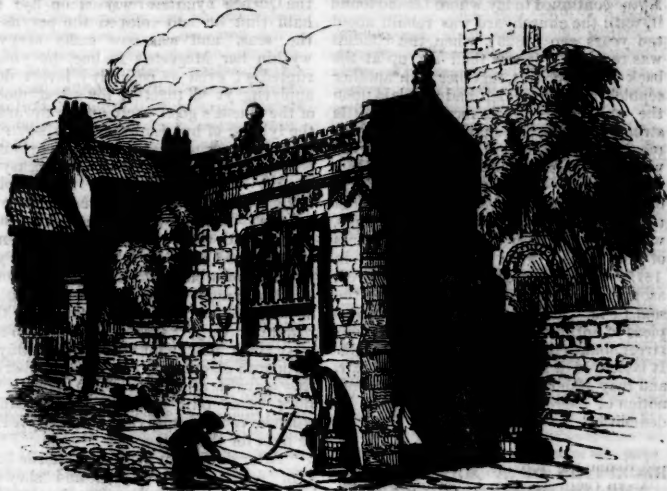
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 17.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1844.

[Vol. I. 1844.]



## Original Communications.

### ST MARY'S CONDUIT, LINCOLN.

THE conduit in the high street above represented was probably the gift of some pious donor, who knew from painful experience how valuable, how passionately coveted is that first necessary of life, water, which happily, in most English towns, from the abundant supply we now possess, is allowed in vast quantities to flow unregarded away. Before pipes for its conveyance were in use public conduits were of no small importance. Ben Jonson has, in his 'Every Man in his Humour,' a character named *Cob*, a *water-carrier*, which was then a regular calling. A considerable number of poor men and women found occupation in those days in supplying the neighbouring houses from the conduits. They carried the water in tankards and pails, the former being more commonly used by the men, and the latter by women. The name of William Lambe was long honoured in London for the conduit which he erected in Holborn, about the middle of Queen Elizabeth's reign. Many such were No. 1213.]

erected in different parts of the country. Scott describes one at Flodden—

"Behold her mark—  
A little fountain cell,  
Where water clear as diamond spark  
In a stone basin fell.  
Above some half-worn letters say,  
'Drink, weary pilgrim, drink and pray  
For the kind soul of Sybil Grey,  
Who built this cross and well.'"

That which is the subject of our cut arrests the attention of most visitors of the ancient city of Lincoln, which, according to tradition, was once the most important town in the kingdom, as "London is now," says M. Jorevin, who wrote in the time of Charles the Second, "and as York is expected to be at some future period."

The aspect of the building is singular. In his 'Picturesque Antiquities' of Lincoln, Britton says—"This curious little edifice, adjoining the church of St Mary-le-Wickford, in the High street, serves as a reservoir for water." It is thus noticed by Leland:—"There lay in a chapel at the White Freeres, a rich marchant caulled Ranulphus de Kyme, whose image was thens taken and set up at the south ende of the new Castelle of the Conducte

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of Water in Wickerford." Thus we find that the conduit was newly built when Leland saw it, about the year 1540; and from his description, and a close examination of the building, it seems probable that the whole materials were brought from the Carmelites, or White Friars, immediately after the destruction of that house, which stood on the opposite side of the street. The statue of Ranulph de Kyne continued to lay where Leland found it, until the churchyard was rebuilt about ten years ago (1826), when the conduit was repaired; it was then set up at the back of the conduit, together with another sepulchral effigy, which had also laid upon the wall. The appearance of this little structure is that of a chapel; and the ornamental tracery, niches, and other carved works on its sides look like the fragments of some richly-decorated chantry, perhaps of one built by *Ranulph de Kyne himself at the White Friars*. The two stone balls, which so unsuitably terminate the points of the gables, were probably set up in 1672, when the conduit was repaired, as appears by the date inscribed on the south end. The situation of this curious piece of antiquity, in a public and spacious street, makes it much noticed by strangers. It is now in a substantial state of repair, and may stand for centuries, unless some notion of improvement should occasion its demolition.

#### RECEPTION OF A MATRIMONIAL AMBASSADOR TO QUEEN ELI- ZABETH.

IMMEDIATELY after the succession of Queen Elizabeth to the throne all the royal fortune-hunters in Europe were on the *qui vive* to gain her hand. Among the aspirants was Eric, the eldest son of Gustavus I, King of Sweden. His brother John, Duke of Finland, came over to this country in 1559 to attempt to negotiate a marriage between Eric and the Queen. There is in the State Paper office a letter from Sir Henry Knolles, who was appointed to receive the prince. His account of what passed on the occasion is interesting. The following is a copy of the letter above-mentioned:—

"Syr,

"1559.

"At 7 of the clocke yn the mornynge, thys day, y came unto Harwyche: and at 9 of the clocke, after y had taryed together with Sir Thomas Smythe yn the Duke's hall more than halff an howre, y was admytted unto the Duke's presens; who, syttyng yn a chayre without movyng hymself, offered me hys hande,—as yt semed by the manner of the holdyng theroff, to kysse. But y that had bene otherwyse brought up then to kysse the hand of any subject, other than of the

parentage of my naturall prynce, after y had with reverens kysed myn owne hande y joynded my hande with hys, accordyng to the maner of thys owr natyve cowntre.

"The Queen's messag he receaved very thankfully, but her mageste's lettres he loked not on at that present; only he sayd he wolde take a tyme to delyberat, and then make me furer answer. All that y spake yn declaryng how moche the Quene's hyghnes rejoysed on hys behalf that he had escaped the perylls of the seas, and was now saffly arryved wythin her Mageste's realme, he ynterrupted yt even as colurtly] lovers doe; applyng yt all together for a testimony of the Quene's good ynclynatyon towards the lykynge of hys Embassade: wheryn he taryed so moche, that y was marvelously perplexed, ferynglest that upon occasyon of my wordes, he wolde take holde towards a promysse of some ynconvenyaney. Wherefor, after he had ended hys tale, y said that yt was the maner, not only of the Quene's hyghnes that now ys, but also of all her Magesty's predecessors, at what tyme any noble person, such as he was, came hether to see other the realme or theyr personne, allways to receive them most thankfully; and to omitt the maner of curtesy, or favor, wheryn they myght ether doe them honor, or shew them any pleasure. Whereunto when he replied nothyng, I toke my leave of hys for that tyme.

"After dynor, my lorde of Oxforde had hym forthe on hawkyng, and shewed hym great sporte, kyllyng yn hys syght both faysant and partrych; wheryn he semed to take great pleasure. Towards nyght, as he came homewardest, y was so bolde to enqwyre of him whether yt wolde please hym to use my servyce any longer here; or otherwyse, yn case y sholde retorne, whether hys pleasure were y sholde say any thyng on hys behelf unto the Quene's Magesty? He answered that he intended to wryte unto her hyghnes; and what tyme he delyvered me hys lettres y sholde knowe furer what to say. Afterwards, yn talke of hys removynge towards London, y was very desyrous (by rayson of the dowtfulnes that he kept all men yn so longe tyme), to know when he intended to take hys jorny that way. Whereunto he answered that, by rayson hys horse[s] were ympayred through the noysomnes of the seas, they were not yet able to serve hym; but after 4 or 5 days he thought he sholde be redy to goe. Thus moche y thought yt my duty to sygnifye unto you by lettres, yn as moche as y am deteaned, myself, longer then my tyme appoynted: wheryn also y truste you wyll declare myn excuse unto the Quene's Magesty. Thus, after myn humble commendatryons, I pray God assiste you

always with hys grace, to hys glory, and the honor of the Quene. From Harwyche, the 27th of Decembre.

"Your poor frende,

"H. KNOLLER."

## ON METALLO-CHROMES AND ANION DEPOSITS GENERALLY.

No. V.

(Continued from page 242.)

We mentioned in our last article that if arrangements are made for preventing the liberation of hydrogen at the negative plate of a voltaic pair, considerable increase is given to the electro-motive force. Mr Daniell accomplished this by providing for this plate a solution containing an element for which nascent hydrogen has an affinity; or, to speak more correctly, by introducing a binary compound for one of the elements of which nascent hydrogen has a greater affinity than the other element has. The binary compound which he employs is oxide of copper, consisting of oxygen and copper: the hydrogen, under such influence, instead of being liberated, combines with the oxygen of this oxide, forming water, and the metal copper is set free and deposited on the negative plate. The oxide of copper, as employed for this purpose, is dissolved in sulphuric acid and water, constituting the salt popularly called sulphate of copper, and known in commerce under the name of blue vitriol.

The zinc plate of the pair must, on no account, be in this solution; because zinc having a greater affinity for the acid than copper has, the latter metal would be thrown down upon the zinc, and there set up an infinity of local actions, which would soon destroy the zinc plate, as well as interfere with the main action. Therefore, to complete the arrangement, the zinc plate is excited with dilute sulphuric acid, while the copper (for it is folly now to employ platinum, since it will immediately be covered with copper) is in the solution of sulphate of copper. The solutions are kept separate by a porous tube or diaphragm of plaster, clay, membrane, paper, &c.; and thus we have Daniell's constant battery. A few sulphate crystals are suspended in the copper solution, in order to maintain its strength unimpaired.

One step more, and we have the most powerful voltaic combination known, viz., "Grove's Nitric Acid Battery." In this arrangement the negative plate, which must be of platinum, is immersed in strong nitric acid, and the positive or zinc plate in diluted sulphuric acid as before. Nitric acid parts with its oxygen much more readily than does oxide of copper, and it is of itself a very excellent con-

ductor of electricity, approaching the metals in this respect. These two properties combined make it a valuable material for exciting voltaic action.

There are other voltaic arrangements besides the above, but these have been selected as the most important in themselves, and the best fitted to illustrate the principles by which the philosopher is guided in constructing voltaic elements of various degrees of energy. It is almost superfluous to add, that each of these forms is subject to the modification of being in good or in bad action, according as the exciting liquids are fresh or exhausted. It is equally obvious that the power of each is in proportion to its electro-motive force; and that one can do more work than the other. But there is another condition which is not so obvious; it is that one can do work which the other cannot do at all. It might at first sight seem possible that the weaker forces might do the work of the stronger, if they were allowed time; as is the case with mechanical forces. Not so: each has a limit, beyond which it cannot pass. And now, as we come to illustrate this point, we reach the main subject of the present notice.

For instance: a cell of the constant battery, with platinum wires dipping into acid water, in a second vessel, has no power to decompose this water; a cell of the nitric acid battery decomposes it slightly. A battery, excited with pure water, falls very far behind the weakest acid battery in its decomposing power. But there is no limit to the power of each form, when we increase the number of elements; that is, when we take several pairs and connect them in series one with the other, having the positive plate of one connected with the negative plate of the other. A series of three nitric acid pairs, or seven constant pairs, gives about the best number for decomposing water; if we wish to employ any multiple of these numbers, they are most advantageously placed in multiple series. One constant cell is sufficient to decompose the solution of oxide of copper. Perhaps there is no better means of acquiring a general idea of the principles which actuate the production of metallo-chromes, than to take a single cell of the constant battery, and exercise its action on compound solutions under various circumstances. We will take up this point in our next.

(To be continued.)

**Military Surgery.**—The 'Berwick War-der' mentions that Professor Sir George Ballingall has this year awarded his prize in the class of military surgery, university of Edinburgh, to Mr Alexander Cahill, son of Dr Cahill.

## ENGLISH LIFE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

## CHAPTER VI.—LOTTERIES.

*(Continued from page 245.)*

THE gambling propensities of our grandfathers was in no way more apparent than in the complete success of the lottery system, by many considered one of the most iniquitous and most baneful measures that a government ever sanctioned for the raising of the ways and means of the year. When the expenses of the long war had considerably drained the coffers of the exchequer, and the ministry were looking round for an expedient which would replenish them, a proposal for raising a public lottery was suggested and instantly acted upon. The chance for a twenty or thirty thousand pound prize was too dazzling, and the tickets were bought up almost as soon as they were issued; nay, scarcely had the "scheme" of a fresh lottery been announced in the 'Gazette,' before the offices of the agents, to whom distribution of the tickets fell, were besieged by impatient applicants. The rage for lottery tickets was a species of monomania with which few people were not infected—from the nobleman who could afford to purchase "a whole ticket," to the servant who raised a few shillings to buy "a sixteenth." Long and serious was the consideration in the choice of an agent. Hazard was a famous name—he had sold the twenty thousand prize in the last lottery; but then Goodluck had a more propitious sound. The case was perplexing, and the anxious speculator long wavered in doubt and hesitation, till a glance at the long list of "Prizes sold by Bish!!!" in former lotteries decided his choice, and to Bish's office accordingly he hied. But then interposes another momentous question—what number shall he choose? Three is lucky, so is twelve,—seven is unlucky; no, it shall be twelve—or he will consult a friend who has been fortunate in his former selections. He chose Tom Brown's number for him, and it was a prize; he advised Jack Smith in his purchase, and it turned up a thousand pounds. Such was the general manner of selecting a number in the purchase of a lottery ticket; but occasionally a fortune-teller was consulted, and the figures which she pretended to discern, and which the superstition of her dupe readily pointed out, in the grounds of tea or the formation of the fire, were instantly noted down, and the ticket whose number corresponded, anxiously secured. This is no exaggerated picture—the recollections of many of my readers will testify to its truth. The superstition and credulity of lottery speculators were truly ridiculous;—a squinting woman, auguring ill luck,

was the most hideous demon they could encounter, whilst a man labouring under the same obliquity, and who was supposed to import good fortune, became a very angel in their eyes. Dreams were held in high estimation. Then, if a crumb fell from the table on the morning of "the drawing," what losses did it not portend!

But the eventful day which was to decide the fortune of thousands—pregnant with joy to some, and misery to many, many more, now approaches, and the sanguine possessor of a lottery ticket—and already the fancied possessor of a prize of twenty thousand pounds—disdains to walk to the scene of his anticipated triumph, and hires a hackney-coach from the nearest stand to carry him to Guildhall. What, walk! he—the holder of a ticket which will soon be drawn a prize—psah!—"coach! coach!"—to Guildhall, jarvey, and fast too! How crowded is the old hall with anxious faces—some beaming with hope, others betraying a mixed feeling—half hope, half fear; others, again, bent seriously on the ground, the owners evidently wondering "when the drawing will commence." See—the sleeves of the bluecoat-boy, who is to draw the prizes, are turned up at the wrist—and why is this? to prevent his concealing, as he was once suspected of doing, a prize beneath his cuff. And now the wheel revolves—a prize is drawn!—what number?—hark!—silence there—ha! is it possible?—Yes; yonder buxom servant, whose joy reflects its lively expression upon her smiling face, is the happy possessor of twelve hundred pounds—a sixteenth of the prize! That babe who is fretting and screaming in its mother's arms is the all unconscious owner of another portion—and a long history the proud mother has to tell to the surrounding crowd about that same screaming babe; how that she had purchased the ticket with the money which she had saved up when "in service"—how she had held him forth and allowed his little hand to dive among the tickets, and how he drew forth from the mass the identical one that had obtained the prize. But hark! something withdraws the attention of her audience—a buzz has recommenced at the upper end of the hall; but now everything is hushed. Once more the wheel of fortune revolves, and, this time, is drawn—a blank! Note yonder man who has been straining and stretching his neck to hear the number pronounced, he is the possessor of the ticket. Poor fellow! mark his countenance—how the ray of hope which had previously illumined it disappears on the announcement. This was his last attempt; for years he had been hoarding up a little money for a risk in this lottery, and now he has lost his all! Equally unsuccessful were all his former attempts,

and now this, which had been the constant subject of his thoughts by day and of his dreams by night—this, which, he had fondly hoped, would double, a hundred times, the money he had lost before—this, for which he had denied himself the few luxuries which his scanty means would have enabled him to enjoy—this for the issue of which he had induced his importunate creditors to wait—this last chance lost, his last hope was blighted! The mind, so suddenly and abruptly deprived of its only consolation, gives way before the shock, and madness and suicide succeed.

This is one of the frightful evils which the existence of state lotteries engendered; in many cases they rendered the unfortunate speculator a maniac and a suicide—in many more they encouraged dishonesty and crime. Several of the agents, or "lottery-office keepers," as they were called, had a small room at the back of their shops in which they pursued the lucrative but illegal business of "insuring numbers." Thus, a person having a superstitious prejudice in favour of any particularly propitious number, would, on payment of a shilling to the agent, effect an insurance on it, by which, in the event of its being drawn a prize, he would receive a certain sum of money. This practice, which was in fact a lottery on a smaller scale, was strictly prohibited by the government, as it superseded in some degree the purchase of the tickets, those persons who were ill able to procure them investing a shilling in this speculation. The consequence was, that these illicit proceedings were carried on in a surreptitious manner, the door being carefully secured against intruders before the agent would enter upon the insurance. But it was capable of being rendered a means of the most dishonest practices. Persons who were in the habit of attending the drawing of the lotteries frequently had their agents posted like telegraphs along the street, and the instant a prize was drawn, a messenger was sent to communicate the number to the first of these living telegraphs. The information was rapidly conveyed along the line till it reached the last, who forthwith hastened to the nearest office and insured the number; in a few minutes the agent received intelligence by some less rapid mode of communication that it was a prize, and the sum insured was afterwards distributed among the accomplices in this dishonest act.

Thus the lottery scheme was capable of being perverted to the worst purposes, and a quarter of a century ago the parliament, taking into consideration the ruin and misery which it entailed, and the crime which it encouraged, passed an act abolishing it and declaring it illegal, and the termination of the war rendered this ill-

advised means of procuring funds unnecessary and needless.

Some of the stories told of omens and lucky dreams, as connected with lottery doings, were too extravagant to merit notice, but some of the coincidences really witnessed were not a little remarkable. One well-attested fact obtained some publicity. A man felt persuaded that the number 27 would win the twenty or thirty thousand pound prize. On rising one morning he had remarked that number on the door of a house opposite. Just then a hackney-coach passed, distinguished by the same figures, and this was on the 27th of the month. Several other incidents tended in like manner to stamp that particular number on his mind. He actively set to work to buy as many shares as he could obtain. His friends remonstrated on the folly of being so positive on the subject, but nothing could shake his conviction. The day of drawing having at length arrived, a knock was heard at the door. "There is news of my ticket," said he. A stranger inquired for him by name. "Walk in," called out the adventurer, "I know the business you come about." The person entered, and it proved that he was really sent to announce to the confident speculator that his ticket had won the great prize!

ALEXANDER ANDREWS.

#### MAHOMET'S BIRTHDAY.

This day, April 27th, is a great day with the followers of Mahomet. All good Mussulmans join to honour the prophet, and pomp and festivity are called in to the aid of religion, that nothing may be wanting that can be grateful to the *manes* of the founder of their religion. We give a description of the celebration at Constantinople two years ago, April 27, 1842:—

As the Mussulman day commences with sun-set, its last rays had scarcely disappeared behind the heights of Daoud Pacha, now crowned with the green tents of the numerous battalions encamped around the barracks, ere a salute from all the ships and batteries announced the approaching holy night. Shortly, also, the clusters of lamps that entwine the circular galleries of the minarets on both sides of the harbour and Bosphorus, were gradually lighted, and sparkled like groups of stars in the darkness; the imperial mosque of St Sofia, Aghust, Mahomet, Soliman, Osman, the Princes, the Sultan Mother, and others, being distinguished from the rest not only by their commanding position, but by their double and triple illuminated galleries, whence the Muezzin chanted forth the call to prayer. The front of the imperial Cannon-gate (Top Kapon) at Seraglio-point, those of the Arsenal and Custom



house, those of the Sultana's and Pacha's palaces, and of all public buildings, being likewise adorned with illuminated festoons and devices, surrounded with transparencies, formed a scattered but pleasing spectacle, when seen from the water or from the summit of the adjacent eminences.

The dawn of the festival was ushered in with salutes similar to those that announced the close of the previous day. Then all was bustle and movement throughout the vast city and its suburbs.

At Beiram it is customary for the Sultan to proceed to the mosque in time for first or dawn prayer, but the festival of the Mevlod being of human and not of divine institution, regular prayers are not performed. The propitious moment for the ceremony is selected between the morning and mid-day prayers (Sabahh and Eaily Namazy), the one said to have first been practised by Adam, and the other by Abraham. The Sultan therefore quitted his palace of Beshiktash, after performing his devotions privately, and then proceeded *incognito* (tebdil) in his fourteen-oared hawk to the gate at Seraglio-point, whence he ascended to the hall of audience. Here his imperial Majesty held a levee, to which were admitted the vizier, moufti, grand dignitaries of state, and all persons entitled to the privileges of the rikhiab, kissing hands, or more properly speaking slippers, the same honour being paid to the Sultan's foot by Moslems, as to that of his holiness at Rome by Catholics. Each individual having made his obeisance in the prescribed form, by doing homage on both knees, and touching the imperial slipper with his forehead, they withdrew, and mounting their horses, left in the outer court, placed themselves in their proper places in the procession—those of inferior rank in front, and those of higher grade nearest the imperial person, which is always immediately preceded by the vizier, Sheik ul Islam, and captain pacha, and followed by the master of the horse and kishar aghassi, or, in the absence of the latter, by his deputy, the kapou khasse-kissy (private guardian, or agent of the gate). The grand marshal Reza Pacha having announced that all was prepared, the Sultan descended into the first court, and being assisted to mount his charger by the master of the horse, the bands struck up the imperial march, composed for the late Sultan by the brother of the celebrated Donizetti, who is director of the Podischah's music. The procession then commenced to file through the different courts, and thence under the great gate of the old seraglio, contiguous to Santa Sofia.

According to the injunctions of Sultan Mourad, the founder, it was directed that the dresses worn by all persons should be less brilliant than those exhibited at Bel-

ram. Upon reaching the gate leading into the square enclosed court opposite the grand entrance of the mosque, all present dismount, and entering, take the places assigned to them by the master of the ceremonies, under the superintendence of the kishar aghassi, whose place is upon a raised cushion near the small stairs which conduct to the Sultan's gallery.

Upon this occasion the chief of the emirs, or Prophet's kin, and who is one of the highest ullemahs, receives distinguished honours. He is seated upon a green cushion of state, under a species of green canopy, close to the pulpit of the sheiks, or first preachers, the deans of the cathedral. He is attired in his green caftan and head shawl, and is guarded by a body of Cavaas, all Prophet's kin, and likewise distinguished by green ornaments and shawls twisted round their fez.

Before the Sultan reaches the mosque each person is seated; therefore, immediately upon his imperial Majesty ascending the private back stairs conducting to his gallery, the lattices are thrown open and the whole assembly rise. The Grand Vizier and Sheik ul Islam step forward and bow to the sovereign. The whole assembly make a similar obeisance, and the lattices being again closed, all re-seat themselves, and the ceremony commences. This consists, firstly, of an oration or eulogium of the Prophet, divided into three parts. The first portion upon this occasion was delivered from the pulpit called Kursee, by the Sheik of St Sofia, who takes precedence of all others, and may be considered as the metropolitan; the second was recited by the Sheik of Aehmet, and the third by the Sheik of Nouri Osmanich (the light of Omar), whose turn it was to perform this duty. In the middle of each portion of this panegyric discourse, and not between the intervals, the two senior capidgi bashi (chamberlains of the household) present to the Sultan a vase and ewer filled with rose-water, which the one pours over his hands, whilst the other offers a richly embroidered towel, and then two other chamberlains wave before him cascadelets of silver, filled with burning aloe wood. At the same time a number of tehokadar bashi (grooms of the chamber) step forward with similar ewers and cascadelets, and offer rose-water and perfumes to the vizier, and all the ullemahs and dignitaries. When each sheik has terminated his portion of the eulogium, he descends from the kursee, and is met by officers (eunuchs) attached to the kishar aghassi, who compliment him, and present him with a pelisse of honour lined with rich furs, and a purse of gold.

This being ended, the members of the mosque, who occupy the lofty gallery allotted to them on the southern side of the

great dome, chant forth a hymn of praise to the Prophet. When they have finished, a body of other singers, stationed in a species of movable pulpit, recite in chorus the psalms and prayers selected for the occasion; and this being ended, the Mevlod-Khananbir ascends the pulpit and recites the Mevlodich. In the midst of this the Hademeh, who perform the duties of the ancient battle-axe guard, attired in their green and gold uniforms and state caps, surmounted with immense plumes, set aside their axes and advance with a number of trays, some covered with a variety of sweetmeats and preserves of the rarest kinds in baskets and crystal vases, and others laden with bowls of the finest sherbets in season. Two of these trays are then placed before each of the grand dignitaries and first rank ullemahs. These trays are afterwards carried with their contents by the servants of the mosque to the respective abodes of those to whom they are presented. Similar trays of exquisite form and immense size are likewise offered by the kialar aghassi to the sultan, to whom they are presented by the first officer of the seraglio. The latter are then conveyed to the palace, and are destined to be distributed to the seven kadins (or wives), or to such favourites as the sultan may choose to distinguish. Those gifts are said to excite nearly as much jealousy and satisfaction as the portions of lamb or mutton distributed at Beiram.

During the chanting of the Mevlodich, at the moment when the Prophet's name is first pronounced, the "Harbinger of Peace," steps forward with the Scheriff's reply to the annual complimentary letter, which he holds up in its embroidered green cover above his head. At this signal the whole assembly arise in silence—not a breath is heard but the deep-toned voice of the officiating Mevlod Khanan. The first secretary of the Grand Vizier then advances towards the bearer of the letter, and beckons him to approach. The latter obeys, and passing to the side of the Vizier, delivers his all precious charge into his hands, which the Vizier respectfully receives, and then hands it over to the Reis Effendi. A pause then ensues, during which the grand marshal and master of ceremonies, the messenger and first chamberlain silently step forward, and proceed with the Reis Effendi to the seat of the kialar aghassi. The latter then takes the letter from the hands of the Minister for Foreign Affairs, and ascending the stairs of the Sultan's gallery, presents it to the sovereign, who breaks the seal, and reads the contents. Having done so, his Imperial Majesty returns it to the Kialar Aghassi, who re-delivers it to the Reis Effendi, by whom it is placed in the archives of his department, or rather in

that of the State Paper office. At this moment dresses of honour, or equivalent presents of great value, are given by the Sultan to the chief of the emouchs, who, in his turn, presents similar gifts to the bearer of the letter, to the singers of the Mevlodich, to the Reis Effendi, and other persons who assisted in bearing the letter to the foot of the royal gallery. This being done, and the Mevlodich being terminated, the whole assembly resume their seats, and following the voice of one of the Imams, recite a short prayer, with which the church ceremony closes.

The whole of the vast multitude then retire in silence, and resume their places in the procession. The Sultan, when all are mounted, descends from his gallery, and in a short time the gorgeous cavalcade returns to the seraglio nearly in the same order as that pointed out for its passage to the mosque.

#### THE FRENCH CHURCH IN EDWARD STREET, SOHO.

WE commonly witness the fall of old buildings with regret. In this case it would hardly be rational to do so, as the church in Edward street is unworthy of its highly respectable minister and congregation; and it will only be abandoned that a more suitable temple may receive those who have been accustomed to worship there. The establishment did not grow out of the cruel folly of that inhuman royal quack, Louis XIV, and the revocation of the edict of Nantes, as has been supposed, but was founded at the beginning of the seventeenth century.

It was in July, 1661, that it adopted the liturgy of the English church, and had the little chapel in the Savoy granted by the monarch (succeeding the Dukes of Savoy, who built it for its worship. In the same year the king further endowed the ministers with 60*l.* a year, as a new mark of his royal approbation, which pension is received to the present day. The revocation of the edict of Nantes occurred twenty-five years after this, 21st October, 1685, and 150,000 French families were forced to seek refuge in foreign lands. Of these nearly 80,000 individuals came to England, and about 15,000 of the number took up their abodes in the quarter of the town about Soho square. The arrival of these refugees could not fail greatly to increase the congregation of the Savoy. It in consequence becoming too numerous for the little chapel, the clergy rented from the vestry of St Martin's the Greek church in Crown street, Soho square (formerly Hog lane), and moved thither. About 1690, the same increase continuing, they took the church annexed to the Savoy, in Spring gardens, which was soon after burnt

down, and rebuilt at the cost of the Savoy consistory. Until 1784, the service was regularly and simultaneously performed in these three places—the Savoy chapel, the Greek church, and that in Spring gardens; all under the same direction and control. At this time the Savoy fell into such dilapidation that it was obliged to be closed; and there were no funds for its repairs. In 1790 also terminated the occupancy of the Spring gardens' place of worship; and the French Protestant church was reduced to the single building in Crown street, Soho. King George III, on ascending the throne, renewed the grant of the Savoy; but their poverty compelled the French to cede their rights therein to the German Protestants in 1773. In 1822, the Greek church was given up for that now in use in Edward street, Soho, a place by no means remarkable for its fitness. It is narrow and gloomy, and on entering it the inhabitant of London is startled at seeing a large black clock with yellow figures, such as is commonly seen in the tap room of an old public house. Arrangements are making for placing the church in a better neighbourhood, and we are glad to see it mentioned in the 'Literary Gazette,' that the *Eglise Protestante Episcopale Francaise de Londres* is offered every facility in their power to accomplish this desirable object by her Majesty's Commissioners of Woods and Forests, and that a piece of ground is likely to be secured for a site in the space lately cleared at the south end of Charlotte street, Bloomsbury.

#### DEATHS-OF AGED PERSONS.

Though the winter just closed has not been very severe, it has proved most fatal to many old persons. Two remarkable cases we find in the last 'Berwick Warder.'

—'James Stuart, who called himself a descendant from royalty, and whose name has several times been lately brought before the public, breathed his last on Thursday week. He was born in the time of George I, or early in the reign of George II, for he had reached the great age of 116 years and three months. Even now, it is said, his time could scarcely yet be said to have come in the course of nature, for his death was the result of an injury in the hip joint, occasioned by a fall on Thursday last week. In his anxiety to get out of doors, to enjoy the recent sunny weather, his foot got entangled, and he was thrown down. Any injury, however slight, was almost sure to have proved fatal, and accordingly the utmost care and skill were unavailing.'

We are glad to learn from the respectable journal we have quoted, that the last days of the veteran were comfortable.

"On the Tuesday morning before his death his senses appeared perfectly acute—and his appetite undiminished. He called to his wife and asked in a gurgling voice for his breakfast, eating a little bread and treacle to his tea. Shortly after he had finished it he requested a gill of beer, which his wife went to purchase, and in her absence the old man gave vent to an expression of displeasure at her delay in bringing it—saying he thought she had gone to Berwick for it. On Tuesday one of the last ordinances of the church to which he belonged were administered to him—after that morning, recollection and observation only recurred at fitful intervals. On Wednesday his son visited him—and was recognised by the old man. He has three daughters living—one at Alnwick, one at Lowick, and another at Rennington.

"It may be satisfactory to know, now that all poor Jamie's wanderings have ceased, that the fund, which the kindness of a few munificent individuals (including our gracious Sovereign, and several of the leading names in the land) had placed at the disposal of Mr Jaffray, bookseller, in Berwick, and ourselves, has amply sufficed to smooth the last asperities in his path; and the 'old man' lately bestowed his blessing on Mr Jaffray, and said, 'That he hadna been sae weel aff this hunder year.' The most vigilant means were adopted of administering to him the comforts best suited to his peculiar case. And it must be stated that his wife, who is his junior by whole generations, tended and kept him with care and assiduity truly exemplary. He was buried on the afternoon of Sunday, the 14th inst. Above two thousand persons assembled at Tweedmouth churchyard. His coffin bore the inscription, 'James Stuart, aged 116.' According to his own statement he was born on Christmas-day, in the year 1728.

The other death we have to mention took place at Dunbar, on the 6th instant, Mrs J. Reaburn, aged ninety-two. Mrs R. was a most rigid Cameronian, and retained in her possession the flag of the covenant, which was borne by her grandfather at the battle of Bothwell Brig. Although somewhat tattered, still all the emblems and inscriptions are perfectly legible. The old lady prized it beyond rubies, and has transmitted it as an heir-loom to her family. Many have heard, with much pleasure, Mrs Reaburn recite the events of that stern Presbyterian period, and fight all the battles of her ancestors o'er again with the most sincere and romantic enthusiasm, declaring that unless the stern principles of that eventful era were adopted her native country was in a state of heathenism, and would never prosper.





Arms. *Se. a chev., or, between three stags' scalps and attires, ar.*  
Crest. *On a mount, ppr., a stag, lodged, regardant, ar.*  
Supporters. *On each side a lion, erm., collared, dau cettée, vert.*  
Motto. *"Prodesse quam conspici."* "To do good rather than be conspicuous."

# THE NOBLE HOUSE OF SOMERS.

Cocks, the family name of this noble house, was known in Kent early in the reign of Edward I. Its wearers were of importance in that county till their removal to Gloucestershire in the reign of Henry VIII.

Thomas Cocks, Esq., of Bishop's Cleeve, in the county of Gloucester, married Elizabeth, daughter of — Holland, of Lancashire, by whom he had ten sons and three daughters, and was succeeded, at his decease, in 1601, by his second, then his eldest, surviving son, Richard. This gentleman purchased the estate of Castleditch, in Herefordshire, and settled there. He married Judith, daughter and co-heiress of John Elliot, Esq., of London, by whom he had two sons, Thomas and Richard; the former succeeded to his estates at his death. He married Anne, daughter of Ambrose Elton, Esq., of Ledbury, in the county of Hereford, by whom he had five sons and three daughters. On his decease he was succeeded by his eldest son, John, who, dying unmarried, the property came to his second son, the Rev. Thomas Cocks, of Castleditch, who died in 1724, leaving an only daughter and heiress, who became the wife of her cousin, John Cocks. The youngest of the five sons of Thomas Cocks, above mentioned, in 1692 represented the city of Worcester in parliament, and the borough of Droitwich afterwards. He married Mary, daughter of John Somers, Esq., of Clifton-upon-Severn, in the county of Worcester, and sister and co-heiress of John, Lord Somers, Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain, whose honours expired at his lordship's death in 1716. The issue of this marriage was two sons and three daughters. The youngest daughter married Philip Yorke, afterwards Lord Chancellor, and created Lord Hardwicke. Mr Cocks was succeeded by his eldest

son, James Cocks, Esq., of Bruckmans, in the county of Hertford, and M.P. for Ryegate, who married, first, in 1718, Lady Elizabeth Newport, eldest daughter of Richard, Earl of Bradford; but by that lady he had no issue. His second wife was Anne, youngest daughter of William, fourth Lord Berkeley of Stratton. At his death he was succeeded by his only child, James Cocks, Esq., who was killed at Cas, on the French coast, in 1758. He was unmarried, and in consequence the estate reverted to his uncle, John Cocks, Esq., of Castleditch, who had obtained that seat by marrying his cousin, Mary Cocks, above mentioned, daughter of the Rev. Thomas Cocks. Twelve children were the offspring of this marriage—ten sons and two daughters. Mr Cocks died June 24, 1771, when his eldest son, Charles Cocks, Esq., of Castleditch, succeeded to the estate. He was born June 29, 1725, represented Rye in parliament, and was created a baronet September 19, 1772, and raised to the peerage May 17, 1784, by the title of Lord Somers, Bart., of Evesham, in the county of Worcester. He married, first, August 2, 1759, Elizabeth, daughter of Richard Elliot, Esq., of Port Eliot, county of Cornwall, and sister of Edward, first Lord Eliot. She died January 1, 1771, leaving issue John Somers, the late peer, and Edward Charles, who was unfortunately drowned in the fourteenth year of his age, in 1781, while at Westminster school, and two daughters. By a second marriage, May 20, 1772, his lordship had another family of two sons and a daughter. His death took place January 30, 1806, when he was succeeded by his eldest son, John Somers, second baron, who was born May 6, 1760, and created Viscount Eastnor and Earl Somers, July 17, 1821. He was lord lieutenant of Herefordshire, recorder of Gloucester, and high

steward of Hereford. He married, first, March 18, 1785, Margaret, only daughter of the Rev. Treadway Russell Nash, D.D. This lady died February 19, 1821, leaving issue three sons, Edmund Charles, John Somers, and James Somers. The first, born in 1786, was killed in the Peninsular war, at the assault of Burgos, October 8, 1812. He was unmarried. The second became the wearer of the title. The third, born January 9, 1790, is in holy orders. The Earl was married a second time, June 3, 1834, to his cousin Jane, daughter of James Cocks, Esq., and relict of the Rev. George Waddington. He died in 1841, when his son John Somers Cocks came to the title. The present peer married, February 4, 1815, Caroline Harriet, youngest daughter of Philip, third Earl of Hardwicke, by whom he has issue Charles Somers, born July 14, 1819, and three daughters.

#### VEGETABLE DIET DEFENDED.

A PAMPHLET has appeared by a Dr W. A. Alcott, of Boston, in the U. S. It is hardly enough to call it a defence of vegetable diet; the writer goes the length not merely of strongly insisting on the importance and value of it, but almost, if not wholly, denounces the use of animal food. The style of the Doctor is peculiar. Some of his Americanisms almost puzzle us to decide on their exact meaning; but not to dwell on trifles, we owe it to him to say his little book is written with a kindly feeling which gives it a claim to respectful consideration. He brings together a body of evidence in support of his theory. He shows that in some cases the advantages of flesh eating are illusory; that a stimulus is given for a time, which eventually fails, and leaves the balance of strength and enjoyment on the side of the man who is content with vegetable fare. In many circumstances of difficulty and danger he maintains that vegetable food has preserved life. He says:—

"It is now pretty generally known that Howard, the philanthropist, was, for about forty years, a vegetable eater, subsisting for much of this time on bread and tea, and that he went through every form of exposure to disease, contagious and non-contagious, perfectly unharmed. And had it not been for other physical errors than those which pertain to diet, I know of no reason why his life might not have been preserved many years longer—perhaps to this time.

"The Rev. Josiah Brewer, now a missionary in Smyrna, has been very much exposed to disease, and, like Mr Howard, to the plague itself; and yet I am not aware that he has ever had a single sick day as the consequence of his exposure. I do not know with certainty that he abstains entirely from flesh meat, but he is said to be rigidly temperate in other respects.

"Those who have read Rush's 'Inquiries' and other writings, are aware that he was very much exposed to the yellow fever in Philadelphia, during the years in which it prevailed there. Now there is great reason for believing that he owed his exemption from the disease, in part at least, to his great temperance.

"Mr James, a teacher in Siberia, in Africa, had abstained for a few years from animal food, prior to his going out to Africa. Immediately after his arrival there, and during the sickly season, one of his companions who went out with him died of the fever. Mr James was attacked slightly, but recovered.

"Another vegetable-eater—the Rev. Mr Crocker—went out to a sickly part of Africa some years since, and has remained at his station thus far in perfect health, while many of his friends have sickened or died.

"General Thomas Sheldon, a vegetable-eater, has spent several years in the most sickly parts of the southern United States, with an entire immunity from disease; and he gives it as his opinion that it is no matter where we are so that our dietetic and other habits are correct.

"Mr G. McElroy, of Kentucky, spent several months of the most sickly season in the most unhealthy parts of Africa, in the year 1835, and yet enjoyed the best of health the whole time. While there, and on his passage home, he abstained wholly from animal food, living on rice and other farinaceous vegetables and fruits."

Ancient history and modern experience he boldly arrays on his side of the question:—

"The Jews of Palestine, two thousand years ago, lived chiefly on vegetable food. Flesh, of certain kinds, was indeed admissible by their law; but, except at their feasts, and on special occasions, they ate chiefly bread, milk, honey, and fruits.

"Laurence says that 'the Greeks and Romans, in the periods of their greatest simplicity, manliness, and bravery, appear to have lived almost entirely on plain vegetable preparations.'

"The Irish of modern days, as well as the Scotch, are confined almost wholly to vegetable food. So are the Italians, the Germans, and many other nations of modern Europe. Yet, where shall we look for finer specimens of bodily health, strength, and vigour, than in these countries? The females especially—where shall we look for their equals? The men even—the Scotch and Irish for example—are they weaker than their brethren, the English, who use more animal food?"

Nor does he stop here; the Doctor proceeds to show the moral evil resulting from the slaughter of animals, and would have the commandment, "Thou shalt do no murder," regarded as applicable to depriving the brute creation of existence!

The tenderness which would spare all living creatures unnecessary pain, we are disposed to applaud; but we cannot help thinking that if man have a right to exist himself, he has a right to take the lives of

the inferior animals. The good Doctor is eloquent against the pain inflicted on the victims; but he does not show how this can be avoided. If all mankind were with one accord to refuse to eat flesh, he does not tell how the millions of animals which would soon over-run the land, are to be provided for, so that they could live and rejoice in living. Shockingly, we are free to admit, as man frequently abuses his high charge, we are by no means convinced that it would be better for the brute creation if he were away, or his habits wholly changed. To say nothing of the fury with which some would tear others to pieces, we would ask on what are they to feed? If told "on vegetables," taking it for granted that there would be plenty for them as well as for man, largely increased as his consumption would be in the case supposed, we would request Dr Alcott to look at some of these vegetables through a microscope, and then perhaps he will find them teeming with life, and discover myriads of living creatures, the denizens of that green world, who may be as capable, for aught he can know, of feeling pain as an ox or a sheep, and if so, how can animal destruction be spared?

While we deprecate as hateful and odious anything like contempt for the sufferings of the brute creation, we still hold that were animals left to themselves their wars with each other, the horrors of famine to which they would be exposed at particular seasons, and the state of miserable helplessness which must be their doom in old age, are evils which, were they capable of reasoning on the subject, we should expect they would deem more dreadful than even the butcher's knife and all the horrors of the slaughter house. In spite of his weaknesses and vices he is of some use, and has not inaptly been called the "Comfortable of nature."

#### LAST MOMENTS OF REMARKABLE CHARACTERS.—No. IX.

##### THE GREAT CONDÉ.

THE Prince of Condé, whose courage and success on the field of battle continue to be the pride of his country, passed a strangely chequered life. At Roerui he became a renowned conqueror at an age when others only venture to aspire. Alternately the idol of the Parisians and the object of their bitterest hatred, the prop mainly depended upon to support the throne, and the denounced traitor, he experienced greater changes than it falls to the lot of most mortals to know. His course materially changed when he drew near the close of life. Though constantly exposed to the greatest dangers, he had for many years been indifferent to religious matters. He did not make him-

self the opponent of the Catholic faith, but from the doubts which arose in his mind he neglected its observance. In this state of mind he reached his sixty-fourth year, when he was called to the death-bed of his sister, the Duchess de Longueville. She had not led a most virtuous life, but after being long notorious for her gallantries, in her latter days her penitence and faith made her in the eyes of those about her such a model of piety, that dying they regarded her as a saint soaring to heaven rather than a weak sinner sinking into the grave. Her admonitions, when she approached life's goal, made a deep impression on his mind, and her happy departure from the world completed his conversions.

The change in his opinions is said to have produced but little alteration in his habits, as in him philosophy and benevolence had to a great extent done this work of religion.

His health was declining when his grand-daughter, the Duchess de Bourbon, was attacked by the small pox. Condé visited her at Fontainebleau. The air of the sick chamber, added to grief and anxiety, was thought to have tended to shorten his days. He rapidly declined. Louis Joseph de Bourbon thus brings his story to a close:—

"The prince daily grew worse; he heard his approaching dissolution announced by one of the physicians, whom he had requested to speak openly, and without fear, and from that moment devoted himself to the duties of a good father and a pious Christian. He sent for his son and his nephew; the Duchess d'Enghien wished that the Duke de Bourbon might likewise be present, but he would not consent; alleging 'that he was an only son, that his days were precious, and that he ought not to be exposed to the contagion of bad air.' He dictated his will with his accustomed presence of mind. After having satisfied the duties of the father, the master, the prince, and the friend, Condé made a separate bequest of fifty thousand crowns to Gourville. That faithful follower, however, when he had the act legally registered, omitted the legacy to himself; and when the prince, in the most friendly manner, reproached him for this omission, Gourville replied: 'That he was overpaid by the excess of his master's kindness, and that he wished for no other benefit than the good will of the prince, his children.' Condé remembered the poor in his will; neither did he forget the provinces which had suffered by the civil war, though he had before befriended them; and he left fifty thousand crowns to build a parochial church, at Chantilly. Having dictated his last will, he wished to write to the king, but his weakness not allowing him, he dictated a letter, in which, after making protestations of constant attachment to his majesty, he earnestly solicited Louis to grant his nephew, the Prince de Conti, to return to

court. The prince desired this letter should not be delivered till he should be dead: he then finished settling his affairs, and requested his son, whose tenderness and virtues he well knew, to supply any omission he might have made.

"Toward eleven o'clock at night he dozed in his chair about two hours; when he awoke, he asked for his confessor; but, as father Deschamps had not then arrived, he confessed to father Bergier. That jesuit, as is usual, exhorted him to pardon his enemies: 'Ah!' said the great Condé, 'why speak of pardon; you know I never retained the slightest resentment against any man.'

"Before he could receive the last sacraments, the Catholic religion required that he should make a public apology for the scandal his past infidelity had occasioned. Being too much exhausted to utter this apology himself, his confessor, at his desire, delivered it in the terms that were conformable to custom and Christian humility. He then received the last unction, and his piety was not disturbed by the loud sorrows of his afflicted family.

"Almost immediately after this awful ceremony had taken place, the Duke d'Enghien arrived from Versailles, with the pleasing information that the king, out of respect to the great Condé, pardoned the Prince de Conti. The prince still continued alive to pleasurable emotion, and satisfaction beamed on his dying countenance. He told his son he could not have brought him more pleasing intelligence, and asked for the letter which he had dictated, that his grateful acknowledgments might be added.

"His worldly and Christian duties being now fulfilled, the prince yielded without restraint to paternal tenderness; he soothed and conversed an hour with his son, to whom he had always been tenderly attached; he then asked for the Duchess d'Enghien, and, causing everybody to retire, exhorted the duke and his consort to always live in that harmony by which they had hitherto been united. After giving them advice, founded on the experience of an eventful life, he embraced his children with that touching effusion of sensibility which never dies in the virtuous and feeling heart; they knelt at his feet, drowned in tears, and asked his blessing, which he bestowed.

"When the prince said, 'My son, you will soon have no father,' the Duke d'Enghien, who was at his feet, overcame with tenderness and grief, swooned away; on his recovery he threw himself in his father's arms, and conjured the prince 'to forgive him any offence he might have committed.' 'You have been as good a son,' replied Condé, 'as I have endeavoured to be a father.' He then recommended his household to the duke—they requested to see the prince for the last time. Condé did not shrink from the desolating spectacle; he suffered them to come; he was no doubt moved by the grief, consternation, and despair which his numerous attendants displayed, but nothing could shake the stoic fortitude of his soul.

"The fatal moment slowly approached; he asked 'how long he might possibly survive?' and was told, 'that God alone could decide.'

He was resigned, recited some prayers, and consoled his afflicted children; his soul was now absorbed in his family and his God. At this awful crisis the Prince de Conti arrived, and the great Condé had the happiness to see him before he died; he begged him to approach, and, embracing his nephew and son, exhorted them always to live united, and to be faithful to God and the king. Those around him, fearing that his sensibility would hasten his dissolution, turned his attention to religion; he dismissed his family, and conversed with father Deschamps, his confessor; but his children entreated to be again admitted, and he could not deny them. He gave directions concerning the manner of his burial to the Duke d'Enghien, renewed his paternal advice, embraced him for the last time, and then begged him to retire, as he felt his strength began to fail. From that moment he only thought of his salvation; he gave the noblest examples of piety and repentance, preserved his understanding to the last moment, and expired on Monday, December 11, at seven in the morning!

"The Duke d'Enghien, who had retired into an adjoining apartment, alarmed by the movement he heard, wished to enter his father's room; he was, however, at first prevented, and conveyed to his apartments, but it was found impossible to retain him; he forced his way to the chamber, knelt at the bedside of his father, whose face was covered with a handkerchief, and exclaimed, while tears flowed in torrents, 'Oh God! is that my father? This is all, then, that remains of that great man!' It was with difficulty they could force him from the excruciating spectacle, which became more heartrending by the presence of the Duchess d'Enghien and the Prince de Conti."

#### ON THE SUCCESS OF GENERAL TOM THUMB.

Great is illustrious Thumb's renown,  
It ought to make the welkin ring;  
More giants he has made come down,  
Than ever fell to Israel's king.  
Happy the father of this pet,  
To him all rivals must succumb,  
For he may boast 'tis his to get,  
The London world beneath his Thumb.

*Pudding on the hills.*—A country newspaper gave rather incorrectly a quotation from Croly's 'Cataline.' It ought to have run thus—

"She would stray,  
And gaze, when morn was budding on the hills,  
As if she saw the stooping pomp of gods."  
The *b* in the word budding had a *p* for a substitute, which caused it to read—

"When morn was pudding on the hills."

The compositor excused himself by saying the type had been made all pie.

*Mechanics of the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries.*—Mechanism made considerable strides. Albertus Magnus made a speaking head, and an automaton human figure, which arose and opened a door when it was knocked at. Roger Bacon made a mechanical flying pigeon.

## THE LENTEN FAST, AND PROMOTION OF THE FISHERIES.

At the time when Protestantism was contending with the observances of Popery, various orders were issued for the guidance of the clergy and people: among other points that of the "Lent and Fyshe dayes." Dispensations were often given to individuals for eating flesh meat on forbidden days, and licences for particular considerations were given to butchers, enabling them to kill and sell meat at that season.

In the following order there is an apparent desire to avoid giving offence, by sternly commanding an abstinence from the use of flesh as a religious duty, such a reason bordering closely on the principles of Popery. Dearth of food, it was alleged, rendered the fast useful and necessary. The advantage to be derived from the promotion of the fisheries is a much better argument; the statesmen of those days rightly perceiving that encouragement to this branch of national industry as a nursery for seamen was of the highest importance. The document is preserved in the Harleian library.

"After or hartie comandacions. Albeit that in the opinion of all good and obedient subjects it maie wel be thought y<sup>t</sup> the good lawes, orders, and customes made and used in this Realme, for the due observacion of the lent and fish daies, and o<sup>r</sup> Lres from yere to yere declaring her Ma<sup>ties</sup> p<sup>re</sup>cise commandment in that behalfe; the matter of y<sup>t</sup>selfe also, being so agreeable w<sup>th</sup> the nature of o<sup>r</sup> country, environed on all p<sup>ar</sup>ts with the Sea—very apte to be p<sup>ro</sup>vided and furnished w<sup>th</sup> Fyshe, and for the use and exercise of Shipping and maryners, being the cheefest Fortress for the defence of the Realme, might be sufficient to cause the same to be duly observed and kepte, yet being given to understand howe negligently the same hath ben looked into on sundry p<sup>ar</sup>tes of this Realme, wherby not only thabusse increaseth and crepeth further and further, to the contempt of the said lawes and commandments, but also by suffering of such licentiousnes ther is raised and growen in sundry places, both a great dearth and scarcitie of victuals, to the great griefe of her Ma<sup>ties</sup> and the hurte and p<sup>re</sup>judice of her subjects: It hath bene therefore thought meete, and so by her Ma<sup>ties</sup> is most straightlie commanded, that like as in her Ma<sup>ties</sup> owne household, and in the Citty of London, and the p<sup>ar</sup>ts nere about, verie straight order is taken that no fleshe shall be killed or eaten in these forbidden tymes, so the like is appointed to be observed in all p<sup>ar</sup>tes of the Realme, and therefore we do require you verie earnestlie, to devise by all good meanes how the same maie be best observed. And in that p<sup>ar</sup>te we are to put you in mynd that nothing shall

more availle, than your own good examples used in this behalfe, as well in your owne houses as otherwise. It shal be meete also that banda be taken of all Butchers that no kind of fleshe shall be by them killed in the time of Lent, and so also of all Ja<sup>hu</sup>holders, keepers of victuallling houses and others keeping lodging and resorte of people for their monies, that in their houses there maie be in these tymes, no fleshe eaten or dressed. And for the better looking to, that, these banda so taken maie be observed, it shal be meete, and so we require to imparte the meaning of these o<sup>r</sup> lres to all Maiors and head Officers of Townes and thorowfares. Likewise to the Constables and petty Constables within yo<sup>r</sup> divisions, with earnest charge that evry one of them in their offices have good regard to thob<sup>e</sup>servacion therof, and to enforce you if any shall offend. And therupon you to p<sup>ro</sup>ceede to the due punysshment therof according to the lawes and the qualite of the offenders, and this being her Ma<sup>ties</sup> commandment only for the observacion of good order, tending to the benefyte of the comon wealth w<sup>th</sup>out any intencion to supersticion (the which her Ma<sup>ties</sup> by all her actes seeketh to remove), we doubt not but everie of you will right carefully attend to the execution therof according to dutie and the speciall trust reposed in you. And so we bid you hartelye farewell. From Hampton Court the fourthe of Februarye 1577. Yo<sup>r</sup> lovinge friends.

(Signed) BACON, C.—W. BURGHELEY.—  
FRA. WALSHINGHAM.—CHR. HATTON.—  
HUNSDON.—F. KNOWLES.—F. CHOPPE,  
THOS. WILSON.—A. WARWICK.

## DOINGS OF THE PURITANS AT WINCHESTER.

WHEN Cromwell's soldiers were at Winchester, they aimed at proving their religious zeal by their violence against the church. Lipscomb says,—

"No place, however sacred, can be secure from the ravages which religious frenzy has sometimes prompted men to commit; but one is at a loss to account for that savage barbarity which could lead even the most dissolute of the human species so far to forget their common nature, as to violate the rites of sepulture which in all nations have been held sacred, and to ransack for plunder the mansions of the dead.

"We find this puritanic army, which had engaged in the contest ostensibly for the support and defence of the religion of their country, disgracing Christianity itself, by actions of the most shameful atrocity. The bodies of the ancient British monarchs were torn from their graves, and their bones made use of in the destruction of the windows of the church.



"From the tomb of Rufus was taken a ring, with a ruby of large size and great value; and that nothing might escape the vengeance of these vile miscreants, the noble monuments "of kings and awful fathers of mankind" were broken and mutilated, and many of the statues suffered decollation, and every other indignity which could be devised by an infuriated banditti of fanatical enthusiasts.

"It is said, that one of the grenadiers in Waller's army, having been educated in a school founded by Bishop Wykeham, placed himself a voluntary sentinel to protect the beautiful mausoleum of that great man, which happily escaped untouched.

"The fragments of broken glass being collected, now form the great west window, which "sheds a dim religious light" through this promiscuous association of pieces."

#### REMARKABLE EPITAPH IN THE CATHEDRAL CHURCHYARD.

In Memory of  
**THOMAS THATCHER,**  
a grenadier in the northern battalion of  
Hampshire militia:  
who died of a fever contracted by  
drinking small beer,  
May 12, 1764.

In grateful remembrance of whose universal good-will towards his comrades this stone is placed here at their expense, as a small testimony of their regard and esteem.

Here lies an honest Hampshire grenadier,  
Who kill'd himself by drinking cold small beer:

Soldier! be warn'd by his untimely fall,  
And when you're hot, drink strong, or none at all.

"This monument being decayed, was renewed by the officers of the royal artillery and of the West Kent and Sussex regiments of militia, in garrison at Winchester, in 1781, and the following couplet added:—

"An honest soldier never is forgot,  
Whether he died by musket or by pot."

#### Reflexion.

*Records of Israel.* By Grace Aguilar,  
Author of the 'Magic Wreath,' &c.  
Mortimer.

THAT standing miracle, the dispersion of the Jews, which startles the general reader from its being written in the annals of every nation in characters of blood, has here furnished two tales of great interest, showing the mournful enormities perpetrated in the name of Him who "came but to save." The perverseness of human nature, its determined onward course turning good to evil, is in nothing more conspicuous than in the ferocity with which the

unhappy Hebrews have been pursued for adhering, in their melancholy wanderings, to the religion of their forefathers. "Good men" (in the words of a contemporary author), "sincere Christians, as they professed to be, deriving all their hopes of mercy, happiness, and immortality, from the revered book which described the Jews as the chosen people of God, sought to honour that God by the most heartless persecution of his favoured race." In the first of the tales, called the 'Edict,' we find a Jewish colony named Eshcol, for a long period established in Spain. We are introduced to a family which, with one wanderer, a homicide, presents several characters of great merit, and the situations in which they are placed, including the lover of a beautiful maiden, when the Edict of Ferdinand and Isabella, banishing from Spain those who refuse to become Christians, appears, are deeply affecting. They are painted with the tender eloquence of Florian, and the descriptions are bold and striking, but occasionally redundant. The weakness which violates probability to save a favourite character is unknown to the fair authoress. Like old Benault, "shed blood enough," seems to be her motto, and all for whom she has called forth our sympathies fall beneath the sword of the destroying angel.

The "Escape" relates, as already intimated, to the same intolerant spirit, but the result is different. Its scenes are agreeably varied, and the expedients of a devoted wife to save a beloved husband are successfully pictured. They are ingenious (we must not inquire too nicely into their practicability), but in the end unfortunate. After some well-managed incidents, we find both condemned by the Inquisition in Portugal. The writer must now speak for herself:—

"The 1st of November, 1755, dawned cloudless and lovely, as it had been the last forty days. Never had there been a season more gorgeous in its sunny splendour, more brilliant in the intense azure of its arching heaven, than the present. Scarcely any rain had fallen for many months, and the heat had at first been intolerable, but, within the last six weeks, a freshness and coolness had infused the atmosphere, and revived the earth.

"As it was not a regular *auto da fé* (Alver and his wife being the only victims), the awful ceremony of burning was to take place in the square, of which the buildings of the Inquisition formed one side. Mass had been performed before day-break, in the chapel of the Inquisition, at which the victims were compelled to be present; and about half-past seven the dread procession left the Inquisition gates. The soldiers and minor servitors marched first, forming a hollow square, in the centre of which were the stakes, and huge fagots piled around. Then came the sacred cross, covered with a black veil, and

its body-guard of priests. The victims, each surrounded by monks, appeared next, closely followed by the higher officers and Inquisitors; and a band of fifty men in rich dresses of black satin and silver, closed the procession.

"We have no space to linger on the ceremonies always attendant on the burning of Inquisitorial prisoners. Although from the more private nature of the rites, those ceremonies were greatly curtailed, it was rather more than half-an-hour after nine when the victims were bound to their respective stakes, and the executioners approached with their blasing brands.

"There was no change in the countenance of either prisoner. Pale they were, yet calm and firm; all of human feeling had been merged in the martyr's courage, and the martyr's faith.

"One look had been exchanged between them—of love spiritualized to look beyond the grave—of encouragement to endure for their God, even to the end. The sky was still cloudless, the sun still looked down on that scene of horror; and then was a hush—a pause—for so it felt in nature, that stilled the very breathing of those around.

"Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God, the Lord is ONE—the Sole and Holy ONE; there is no unity like His unity!" were the words which broke that awful pause, in a voice distinct, unflinching, and musical as its wont; and it was echoed by the sweet tones from woman's lips, so thrilling in their melody, the rudest nature started. It was the signal of their fate. The executioners hastened forward; the brands were applied to the turf of the piles—the flames blazed up beneath their hand—when, at that moment, there came a shock, as if the very earth were cloven sunder, the heavens rent in twain. A crash so loud, so fearful, so appalling, as if the whole of Lisbon had been shivered to its foundations, and a shriek, or rather thousands and thousands of human voices, blended in one wild piercing cry of agony and terror, seeming to burst from every quarter at the self-same instant, and fraught with universal woe! The buildings around shook, as impelled by a mighty whirlwind, though no sound of such was heard. The earth heaved, yawned, closed, and rocked again, as the billows of the ocean, when lashed to fury. It was a moment of untold horror. The crowd, assembled to witness the martyrs' death, fled wildly shrieking on every side. Scattered to the heaving ground the blazing piles lay powerless to injure; their bonds were shivered; their guards were fled. One bound brought Alvar to his wife, and he clasped her in his arms. "God! God of mercy! save us yet again! Be with us to the end!" he exclaimed; and faith winged the prayer. On—he sped; up—he sped in direction of the heights, where he knew comparative safety lay; but ere he reached them, the innumerable sights and sounds of horror that yawned upon his way! Every street, and square, and avenue was choked with shattered ruins; rent from top to bottom, houses, convents, and churches presented the most fearful aspect of ruin; while every second minute a new impetus

seemed to be given to the convulsed earth causing those that remained still perfect to rock and rend. Huge stones, falling from every crack, were crushing the miserable fugitives as they rushed on, seeking safety they knew not where. The masses of crumbling rock, wrenched from their fastenings, stood upright a brief while, and then fell in hundreds together, with a crash perfectly appalling. The very ties of nature were severed in the wild search for safety. Individual life alone appeared worth preserving. None dared seek the fate of friends—none dared ask, "Who lives?" in that one moment of universal death.

"On—on sped Alvar and his precious barden; on, over the piles of ruins; on, unhurt amidst the showers of stones, which, hurled in the air as easily as a ball cast from an infant's hand, fell back again laden with a hundred deaths. On, amid the rocking and yawning earth, beholding thousands swallowed up, crushed and maimed, worse than death itself, for they were left to a lingering torture—to die a thousand deaths in anticipating one—on, over the disfigured heaps of dead, and the unrecognised masses of what had once been magnificent and gorgeous buildings. His eye was well nigh blinded with the shaking and tottering movement of all things animate and inanimate before him; and his path obscured by the sudden and awful darkness, which had changed that bright glowing blue of the sunny sky into a pall of dense and terrible blackness, becoming thicker and denser with every succeeding minute, till a darkness which might be felt, enveloped that devoted city as with the grim shadow of death. His ear was deafened by the appalling sounds of human agony and Nature's wrath; far now, sounds as of a hundred water-spouts, the dull continued roar of subterranean thunder, becoming at times loud as the discharge of a thousand canons; at others, resembling the sharp grating sound of hundreds and hundreds of chariots driven full speed over the stones; and this, mingled with the piercing shrieks of women, the hoarser cries and shouts of men, the deep terrible groans of mental agony, and the shriller screams of instantaneous death, had usurped the place of the previous awful stillness, till every sense of those who yet survived seemed distorted and maddened. And nature herself, convulsed and freed from restraining bonds, appeared about to return to that chaos whence she had leaped at the word of God!"

Space will not admit of our going further. We can only add Alvar escaped with his precious charge, and regained his child, who had been sent to England; and we are assured it is no fiction, that "to this very day his descendants recel his providential preservation by giving, on every returning anniversary of that awful day, certain articles of clothing to a limited number of male and female poor."

#### TRUE THOUGH TRITE.

"Every man will be thy friend,  
While thou hast wherewith to spend;  
But if store of crowns be scant,  
No man will supply thy want."

### The Gaiety.

**New Westminster Bridge.**—Mr Barry has recommended a new iron bridge at Westminster, at a cost of 185,000*l.*, by which the navigation and trade of the river would be improved, the effect upon the new houses of parliament be consulted, and the whole tend to a general consistency and beauty not attainable by patching and keeping up the old affair. A punster has suggested that future parliaments may object to so much iron night.

**Sporting near the Pyramids of Egypt.**—From Col. Napier we learn that there is no lack of game in Egypt. He says, "Our exploits were confined to a few gallops after foxes and jackals, which we generally found in the neighbourhood of the pyramids—to frightening the hares we turned out of the mimosa thickets bordering the desert—and to occasionally breathing, though without effect, both dogs and horses after the gazelles we sometimes met with during our more distant excursions into the desert, and which invariably went off as on the wings of the wind, disappearing amidst its boundless sands."

**Respect shown to Ancient Deities.**—Though recognised out of their own domains as having a divine power, and celebrated with almost equal honours by the various poets, the gods of Greece and Rome were supposed to have a peculiar local influence, and a decided predilection for certain places and persons. Thus when Veji was razed and incorporated with Rome, the Romans, wishing to naturalize in their city the Veientine worship of Juno, before they proceeded to move her statue first asked the goddess, "Viane Romam ire Juno?"—"whether she, was willing to go to Rome?"

**Ancient Trees at Mexico.**—On entering the gardens of Châpultêpic, the first object that strikes the eye is the magnificent Cypress (*Sabino*, Ahûahuêtl, or *Cupressus disticha*), called the Cypress of Montezuma. It had attained its full growth when that monarch was on the throne (1520), so that it must be at least four hundred years old, yet it retains all the vigour of youthful vegetation. The trunk is forty-one feet in circumference, yet the height is so majestic, as to make even this enormous mass appear slender. On a close inspection, it appears to be composed of three trees, the trunks of which unite towards the root.

**Necessary Information.**—A German anatomist commences one chapter thus:—The nose: this important organ occupies a conspicuous position on the human face, of which it is a prominent feature, being situated in most subjects immediately below the forehead, between the eyes, and above the mouth!"

**Amaury de Chartres.**—This learned disputant maintained that God and matter were indivisible—"A simple being," said he, "is one that has neither quantity nor quality. Such is God—such is also primal matter; but can there be two simple beings? No—for they could only be distinct by qualities, or by parts which one had, or the other had not. But this is incompatible with the nature of a simple being: consequently it follows that God and matter are one and indivisible." Amaury de Chartres was compelled to retract, and his disciples were burnt outside the walls of Paris.

**Paper Pence.**—England, who formerly disdained a paper circulating medium for silver, has now one for copper. Postage stamps are extensively used in change. The gentleman who cannot be loaded with four or five penny pieces, has no objection to carry half a dozen stamps in his waistcoat pocket.

**Mr Sinclair.**—This admired vocalist, after a long absence, has returned to Scotland, and was to give a farewell concert at Glasgow last night.

**How to Breed Travellers.**—Children destined by their parents to be travellers should be thrown into a pail of ice the moment they are born, and then transferred for half an hour to the kitchen fire: they may have to swim across frozen rivers, and run a race in the torrid zone more than once before they die—they should be often fed on bread and water, and sometimes not at all. They may dislike this at the time, but they will thank their parents for it hereafter.—*Continental Travellers' Guide.*

**Sacrilege in Ancient Days.**—When Alcibiades and his associates were accused of insulting the public religion of Attica, the writing of accusation set forth that "Alcibiades had committed sacrilege towards Ceres and Proserpine, by imitating the mysteries, and showing them to his companions in the same dress in which the hierophant showed the sacred things; and by calling himself the hierophant, Polyton the torch-bearer, and Theodorus the herald."

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We decline Mr D.'s poem, but are gratified by his letter. He may always expect fair play in the 'Mirror.'

The 'Elegy on a Young Gentleman' is too dismal for us.

'Blindman's Buff' might "amuse children learning to read," but not those who have learned to think.

LONDON: Published by JOHN MORTIMER, Adelaide Street, Trafalgar Square; and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.

Printed by REYNELL and WRIGHT, Little Pulteney street, and at the Royal Polytechnic Institution.